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## PARROT & CO.

By HAROLD MACGRATH

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### CHAPTER XVII.

#### The Answering Cable.

Next morning, when it became known among the bankers and foreign agencies that a letter of credit for ten thousand pounds had been lost or stolen, there was more than a ripple of excitement. They searched records but no loss as heavy as this came to light. Add to the flutter a reward of two hundred pounds for the recovery of the letter, and one may readily imagine the scrutinizing alertness of the various clerks and the subsequent embarrassments of peaceful tourists who wished to draw small sums for current expenses. Even the managing director of the Bank of Burma came in for his share of annoyance. He was obliged to send out a dozen cables of notification of the loss, all of which had to be paid out of accrued dividends. Thus Warrington had stopped up the avenues. The marvelous rapidity with which such affairs may be spread broadcast these days is the first wonder in a new epoch of wonders. From Irkutsk to Auckland, from St. Johns to Los Angeles, wherever a newspaper was published, the news flew. Within twenty-four hours it would be as difficult to draw against that letter as it would be to transmit metals into gold.

At half past ten Warrington, apparently none the worse for a sleepless night, entered the private office of the consul-general who, gravely and with studied politeness, handed to him an unopened cablegram. "I rather preferred to let you open it, Mr. Warrington," he said. "Still, it might be something of your own," replied Warrington. He tried the lack of cordiality, but with passive regret. "No cablegram would come to me from the department, especially as the diplomatic pouch, as we call the mail bag, arrives Monday. Open it. I wish you good luck," a little more kindly. "May I sit down?" "To be sure you may."

The consul general recovered his pen and pretended to become absorbed in the letter of papers on his desk. But in truth he was calm, unmoved, the young man's face, calm, unmoved, expressing negligent interest in what should be the most vital thing in his existence, not to life. If the man hadn't met Elsa, to her interest and to his own alarm, he would have been as affable as deep in his heart he wanted to be. A minute passed. It seemed to take a very long time. He tried to resist the drawing of curiosity was irresistible. What he saw only added to his general mystification. The slip of paper hung pendulous in Warrington's hand; the other hand was hidden in his beard, while his eyes seemed to be studying seriously the medallion in the Kirmanshah. A fine specimen of a man, mused the consul-general, incredibly wholesome despite his ten years' knocking about the world, and part of the world's work. It was a pity. They had evidently refused to compromise. "Bad news?"

Warrington stood up with sudden and surprising animation in his face. "Read it," he said. "If Ellison will make restitution in person, yes." "Andes." The consul-general jumped to his feet and held out his hand. "Very glad. Everything will turn out all right now. If you wish, I'll tell Miss Chetwood the news."

"I was going to ask you to do that," responded Warrington. The mention of Elsa took the brightness out of his face. "Tell her that Parrot & Co. will always remember her kindness, and ask her to forgive a lonely chap for having caused her any embarrassment through her goodness to him. I have decided not to see Miss Chetwood again."

"You are a strong man, Mr. Warrington?" "Warrington? My name is Ellison. Paul Warrington Ellison. After all I'm so used to Warrington, that I may as well let it go. There is one more favor: do not tell Miss Chetwood that my name is Ellison."

"I should use my own name, if I were you. Why, man, if you had started to the States as if you had started yesterday, people would be asking each other what it was that you did. Then I shall bid Miss Chetwood goodbye for you!" "Yes, I am going to jog it home. I want to travel first-class, here, there, wherever fancy takes me. It's so long since I've known absolute ease and comfort. I wish to have time to rest. I am a luxury-loving chap. I sail at dawn for Saigon. I may knock around in Siam for a few weeks. After that, I don't know where I'll go. Of course I shall keep the Andes advised of my whereabouts, from time to time."

### BERLIN

#### German Capital is Rapidly Becoming a Seaport.

Germany proceeds steadily with the development of her canal system, and in the near future a number of important extensions will be open for traffic. The Rhine-Weser canal will be completed in a few months, and in about a year's time the city of Hanover will be connected with the Weser. The great ship canal from Berlin to the Oder has just been finished, and a project to be realized at an early date is the Leipzig-Saale canal, which will make the "city of brooks" a seaport.

(To be Continued.)

### FOOTSTEPS OF THE FATHERS

#### As Traced In Early Files of The Yorkville Enquirer

#### NEWS AND VIEWS OF YESTERDAY

##### Bringing Up Records of the Past and Giving the Younger Readers of Today a Pretty Comprehensive Knowledge of the Things that Most Concerned Generations that Have Gone Before.

The first installment of the notes appearing under this heading was published in our issue of November 14, 1913. The notes are being prepared by the editor as time and opportunity permit. Their purpose is to bring into review the events of the past for the pleasure and satisfaction of the older people and for the enlightenment and instruction of the present generation.

### STEEL RAILS

#### How the Glowing Ingots of Metal are Rolled and Cooled.

That rail mill was certainly a wonderful sight! The enormous glowing ingots were carried on a transfer car to a sort of trough. The floor of the trough, or "table," as they call it, consists of a series of rollers that were turning rapidly. Riding on them, the big, clumsy ingot sailed along until it bumped against a pair of large steel rolls. Immediately the rolls seized it and hauled it through like clothes through a clothes wringer. We could not see that it had been flattened very much, but we noticed that deep corrugations had been cut into its upper surface.

As it moved on the rollers turned it over on its side before it was caught by the next pair of "stand" of rolls. It went through four stands in succession, turning over between each stand until it had made a complete turn. Then it came to what is called a "three high" mill, which has three rolls, one above the other. First, the "bloom," as it was now called, went between the middle and bottom rolls, but no sooner had it emerged than it was raised bodily, the supporting rolls "tables" on both sides of the mill being raised up simultaneously.

The rollers of the tables were then reversed, causing the bloom to start back between the middle and top rolls. The tables were now lowered, their rollers reversed and the bloom sent through between the middle and bottom rolls, as before, but this time it was switched to one side, where the rolls were a little larger in diameter, and it was a tighter squeeze getting through them.

And so the bloom went back and forth, being switched over to a tighter pass each time until it was squeezed down to about eight inches square and over forty feet long. Then it was cut in two, and each bloom went through another set of rollers that gradually worked it down to the size and shape of a rail. It was fascinating to watch that snakelike bar over a hundred feet long writhing as if alive.

As it came back for its last Sally through the rolls a whistle was blown as a warning that the rolling was finished, and the rail was now on its way to the saws. There were five circular saws that dropped down upon the glowing metal and amid a shower of sparks saved it into four ten-yard rails. After that the rails were carried off on "run out tables" to the "hot beds" to cool.—St. Nicholas.

### THE CHURCH HABIT

#### A Colloquy Between Mother and Preacher Which Has a Moral.

"No," said Mrs. Jenkins, "the children do not get to church very often. They go to their Sunday school and I think that's enough."

Mrs. Brown did not seem to be convinced, so she continued: "Of course I should like them all to come with me to the church service, but they are not much interested, and I do not insist."

"You insist on their going to day school, whether or not they are interested. I suppose," the minister asked.

"Why, certainly!" Mrs. Jenkins answered with some indignation.

"But why should you leave this other matter, which seems to me of at least equal importance, to their caprice?"

"It isn't wholly a matter of a caprice," Mrs. Jenkins returned with some spirit. "I think it is too much to ask little children to sit through that long morning service."

"That 'long morning service' averages about an hour and a half," answered the clergyman. "The same children sit through two sessions at school every day, each session longer than that. You and I, in our youth, sat through much longer services every Sunday, and our nervous system compared rather well with those of the children of today."

"I certainly do!" replied Doctor Brown. "The tendency of the day is for children and parents to have less and less in common. In my youth, parents and children played together and studied together and stayed at home together and went to church together. We see as little of our children as possible nowadays to the great loss of us all. But at least we can go to God's house together on the Lord's day! The children would soon enjoy going if it were a family custom, and if they didn't enjoy it, it would be a wholesome thing for them to discover that there are lots of things in this world to be done, whether we enjoy them or not. That is the kind of lesson the coming generation particularly needs."

"But going to church has, above all, a religious value. And let me tell you, if you were setting deliberately about abolishing the church altogether at the end of another generation, the surest way of doing so would be to let that generation grow up without the habit of church attendance. Whether or not you help them to form that habit certainly seems to me important!"

Mrs. Jenkins no longer smiled. "And so it seems to me," she said. Youth's Companion.

### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### THE GREGORY HEROES

##### Recalling a Thrilling Episode of the High Sea.

The arrival here of the steamship Gregory of the Booth Line, in charge of Capt. W. T. Aspinwall, to coal before proceeding to the Amazon river in Brazil, recalls an heroic episode that occurred last winter that was unique among the romances and tragedies of the sea. The facts are substantially as follows:

Early in January the tank steamship Oklahoma broke her back in a heavy gale in mid-Atlantic. She broke completely in two and the parts were separated by the racing sea. In response to an SOS call, the steamship Gregory arrived on the scene some hours later. The five men who had clung to the still floating stern of the Oklahoma had taken to the only boat they had, and as they approached the Gregory, the boat capsized and they were thrown into the sea. Without hesitation the three officers of the Gregory—Buck, Williams and Roberts—dived with their boots on and plunged into the icy and tumultuous Atlantic, while Capt. Aspinwall accomplished the difficult task of holding his vessel in a position where it was possible for them to get back on board. The three gallant sailors succeeded in the almost incredible task of rescuing five of the castaways and brought four of them safely to New York, the fifth, poor chap, having died on board. It is worth remembering that one of the rescuing officers—Buck—was but recently married and was on his way to join his young bride. It is said that Capt. Aspinwall reprimanded Roberts severely for jumping overboard with his boots on.

### Military Elections.

On Saturday last, Lieutenant C. A. Seabrook was elected captain of the "Jasper Light Infantry," vice Major J. Jenkins elected colonel of the 5th regiment. L. N. Withers was elected 1st lieutenant; E. B. Clinton, 2nd lieutenant and S. B. Meacham, 3rd lieutenant. The appointment of non-commissioned officers will be made on next Saturday.

### The Weather in February.

During the last month, Max McKendall reports there were 14 days clear, and 133 cloudy. It rained 66 hours, or 5.2 inches. The wind was S., 8 days; E., 1 day; N., 1 day; W., 11 days; S. E., 2 days; S. W., 3 days; N. W., 2 days. The thermometer ranged from 30 to 76 degrees.

(To be Continued.)

### QUEER LAND TENURES

#### Ceremonies of Ancient Date Observed in England.

Our British cousins still cling to some curious customs with respect to land tenures. Whenever, for instance, a certain estate at Chingford, in Essex, passes into new hands, the owner, with his wife, man servant, and maid servant, goes on horseback to the parsonage and pays homage by blowing three blasts on a horn. He carries a hawk on his wrist, and his servant leads a greyhound, both supposed to be for the use of the rector that day.

The new owner then receives a chicken for the hawk, a peck of oats for his horse, and a loaf of bread for his greyhound. After dinner the owner blows three more blasts, and then with his party withdraws from the rectory.

Another curious proceeding is known as "The Castor Whip Tenure." On Palm Sunday every year a servant from the Broughton estate attends service at Castor church with a new cart whip, and, after cracking it three times on the porch, marches with it to the manor house.

As the clergyman begins to deliver his sermon, the servant quits his seat. A purse containing 30 pieces of silver is fixed at the end of the whip-lash, and, kneeling on a cushion, he holds the purse suspended over the head of the minister until the end of the sermon. Then purse and whip are left at the manor house.

The "Whisper Court" at Rochford, in Essex, is a strange Michaelmas observance held under the auspices of the steward of the manor. The business of the court is transacted at midnight in the open air. The absence of a tenant is punishable by a fine of double his rent for each hour he fails to be in attendance; no artificial light except a firebrand is permitted; the proceedings are recorded by means of one of the embers of the brand. The roll of 14 tenants is called and answered in a whisper, and then all swore allegiance.

In explanation of this odd ceremony it is said that many years ago the lord of the manor, after an absence from his estate, was returning home at night. Passing over what is known as Kings hill, he accidentally heard some of his discontented tenants plotting his assassination, and, thus warned, went home by an unexpected route. He enacted that from that time forth the tenants on his estate should assemble every year exactly at the same time to do him homage round a post which he caused to be erected on the precise spot where the plotters met.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

### Recruits for the S. C. Army.

We invite attention to the advertisement of Lieut. Wm. J. Davis, of the South Carolina army, in another column. He is beating up recruits for the regular army service, for one year. Very fair pay will be given. Mr. Davis may be consulted for the present at his room at Rose's hotel. He will be here on Monday, we understand; and we hope a number of our "bodie bodied" men who have not volunteered, will turn out and enlist under "the banner of blue."

(Thursday Morning, March 7, 1861.)

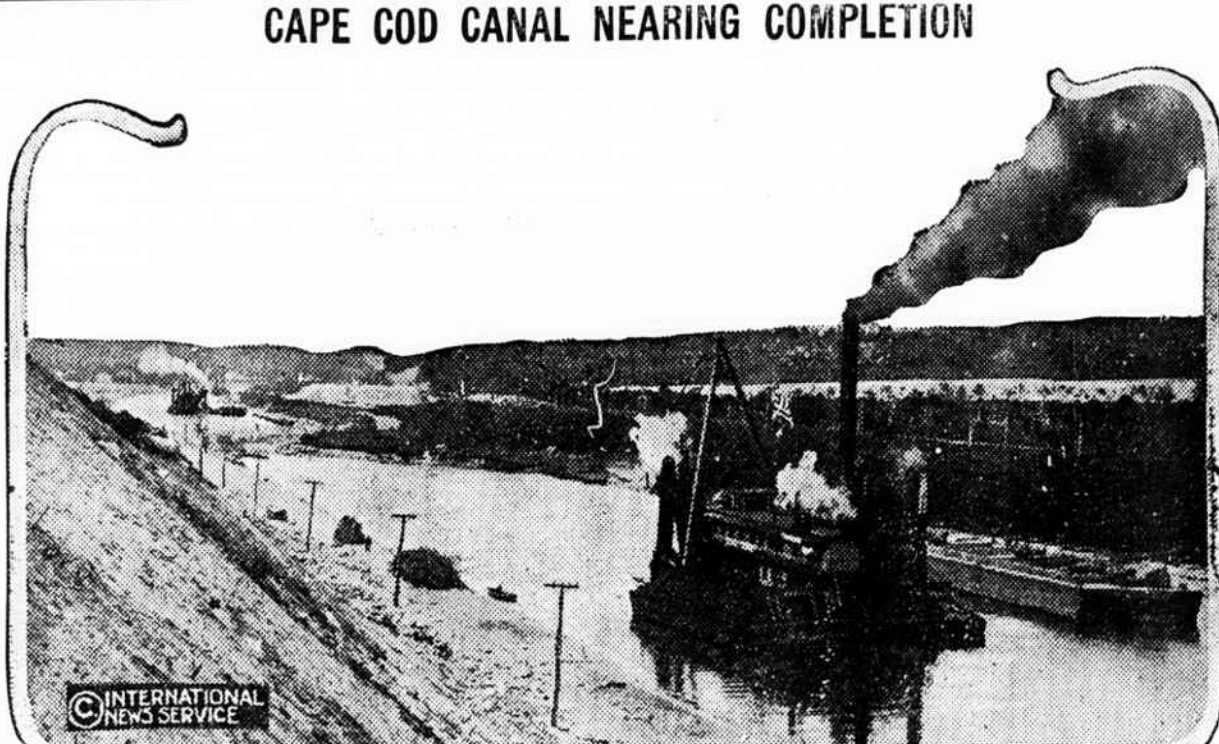
### Lincoln's Inaugural.

Our readers will find President Lincoln's inaugural entire in today's paper.

The Next in Line.—On a recent examination paper in an English school, on "How we are governed," was this question: "If the prime minister, the chancellor of the exchequer, the home secretary, and all the members of the cabinet should die, who would officiate?"

Robert, a boy of twelve, thought for some time, trying in vain to recall who came next in the procession. At last a happy inspiration came to him, and he answered, "The undertaker."

### CAPE COD CANAL NEARING COMPLETION



The great Cape Cod ship canal, which will be of immense service to coastwise traffic, is now not far from completion. This photograph of a section of the canal near Bourne, Mass., shows in the background a dyke that must be dismantled before vessels can pass through.

### UNCLE JOHN'S STORY

#### Started With Bears and Drifted to Boys.

"Want a story do you, boys? Well, 'pears to me like I've done told you putty nigh every story they is, but if you two little fellows'll come set on my knee I'll see 'I can ramble back through the days when your 'ol Uncle John was a boy an' find sumpin' that'll interest you."

"Uncle John, hale, ruddy, and nigh onto his three score years and ten, shifted his quilt of tobacco from the left side to the right, spat reflectively and accurately—into the glowing oak wood fire, gathered his two nephews, aged ten and twelve, each to a knee, and began.

"'Fust an foremost, boys, I'm a-goin' to throw away this chaw of tobacco, 'cause I can't talk good with it in my mouth, an' I don't believe it's a good example to set you boys, now. I've been chawin' it for nigh onto 60 years now, but if I had it all to do over again the stuff'd never go in my mouth. Oh, I guess I'm too old to quit, 'cause it's mighty hard, as I've told you, to break him of his old ways for that matter; an' besides, I don't calculate I got so many more years to stay here, now. But if I wuz ten years younger I'd quit it or bust. Same way 'bout smokin', too. It's a sorry sort 'ol habit we picked up from the Injuns, they say, only we made it worse by eatin' the stuff as well as smokin' it. Guess leavin' such a dirty habit with us wuz 'bout the only way the pore Injuns could get even with us fer stealin' all their land from 'em, and from what the gov'ment says we pay fer tobacco every year, I guess the debt's about even."

"Yes, I learned how to use tobacco when I was a little fellow, only so high I guess I learnt mainly 'cause I thought it was smart, and like a man to do it, just like I 'sposed lots o' young boys think these days. We started by smokin' cross-vine and corn cobs and such stuff, and then when we got big enough to git a little tobacco we got to goin' off in the woods to smoke an' chaw that. All the time we thought we wuz doin' a big trick, 'cause we'd seen the men smokin' and chawin'."

"Now, boys, I ain't sayin' that chawin' and smokin' tobacco is such a terrible crime, fer I've known some mighty good men that done it. In my opinion, the meanest man is the one who wrongs his neighbor, an' tells lies and such things as that, and generally the feller who uses tobacco don't do these things any more'n the feller who don't. But I been a-thinkin', boys, that there's a mighty sight o' good money 'bout spent for this Injun weed! What I've spent fer it myself in the last 60 years I figure would buy a good farm and there's lots o' men that use more'n I do. There's neighbor Bill Johnson—you know him. To my certain knowledge, Bill's boys an' gals ain't goin' to school this winter 'cause they ain't got no shoes, and Bill's wife still makes the family's clothes with her fingers 'cause Bill's too pore to buy her a sewin' machine. Still Bill chaws regular an' he goes to town with me like a man's treatin' his boys 'jest right to set 'em sich an example. It's the natural thing in the world for a boy to think his daddy's the greatest feller they is, an' to want-a-do what-ever he does. Small wonder, then, I say, that if the 'ol' man does things that ain't exactly right the boys is a-goin' to come mighty nigh doin' 'em, too."

"Boys, do you know what I think's one o' the finest things in all creation? I'll tell you: A young man, tall, clean, strong, an' straight as one o' them pines down in the woods; a lad with a clear eye, a clean skin an' a clean heart; a feller who don't tell lies an' who believes in treatin' all men square. I've lived a long time, now, an' it seems to me that the young fellers who's amounted to most wuz of this kind. Fact is, these days a boy wuz use liker or tobaccoer stands a decent of a republic as much as makin' a success of anything. Men who hire boys don't want fellers all pizened up with whisky an' smoke, an' that's what they is—pure pizen."

"You boys is comin' 'on to be men, now, an' you musn't forget what your ole Uncle John has told you 'bout these things. Don't ever think you'll have to use tobaccoer and whisky to be smart an' manly, fer the time's already come when the strong an' manly man knows these things is bad."

"Well, I declare," said Uncle John, rousing himself, "here I been settin' a-talkin' to you boys 'bout nothin' in perticlar, an' I had it in my mind to tell you 'bout the time me an' ole doc Crockett treed the bear down one Talhatch, an' how that ole bear chased us. Been a-talkin' to you here fer an hour, an' ain't told you no story at all."

"It was a good story, Uncle," said the elder of the boys, as they bade the old man goodnight, "and we liked it."—Progressive Farmer.

### MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.—The ancients were of the opinion that the planets in their movement through space produced several times the seven notes of the gamut. This music, it was contended, was imperceptible to human ears on account of the fact that it was too powerful for our hearing. Others held that men did not hear it simply because they were so used to it, just as we do not notice the roar of the city from our constant familiarity with it. The "real music of the spheres" is purely intellectual, lying in the great and splendid fact of the universe of law and order.

Successful Ugly Women.—Successful women are not always of irreproachable beauty or modeling. Thus the princess d'Evoli of Louis XV's time was one-eyed; the wife of Montezuma's mother reached her ears. Mme. de Maintenon was thin, meager, yellowish; La Valliere lame, Gabrielle d'Estrees one armed, Anne Boleyn six fingered.—Westminster Gazette.

### Bawled Out.—"How hoarse you are this morning."

"Yes; my husband got home very late last night."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.